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Table of Contents

	Page
EDITORIAL	2
LITERARY	5
RECORD	12
BASKETBALL	14

EDITORIAL

DULL?

Everyone is telling everyone else how dull life is becoming. Every day we come to school, we have the same subjects, no fires, no floods, not even a murder or some sort of death. Yes, to many people life is dull.

Of course, if one wants to look at it that way, life is dull. But remember that across the water people are being killed because one nation wants to progress and another wants to stop it. Children are being separated from their parents; some will never see them again. In many large cities people are starving and cold while farmers are unable to sell crops, and miners are unable to sell coal. For that reason they too are starving.

Be happy that life is so dull, and not so full of excitement mingled with terror and bloodshed that death is on your very doorstep.

Doris Wilson, '42

WORTH WAITING FOR?

Seven o'clock! Where was Bill? He'd promised to be on time for a change. I didn't dare sit down for fear that I would crush my sparkling white net dress. For a few minutes I was content looking at my image in the hall mirror. I really did look "swell." My dress was like a huge, smooth, snowdrift; and with my hair in the new up-do style I looked like a glamour girl. The minutes ticked by. I began to pace up and down the floor, at the same time practicing my smooth model glide. If it weren't the dance of the year I'd tell Mr. William Brisbane, Jr., where to get off. But of course I couldn't do that now!

The door bell rang but I let Hulda answer it. In stumbled my date, his pork pie stuck on the side of his head. He'd worn that baggy old reversible coat too.

"Are you ready, Jean?"

"What do you think I've been doing for the last two hours? Playing dolls?"

"Sure, I know I'm late but let's get going."

As I followed him down the steps I saw in the dim light of a street lamp that he had on crepe-soled shoes and the gaudiest looking socks I had ever seen. With a sigh I climbed into the green and orange jalopy. The question running around in my mind was, "Is he worth waiting for?"

J. Chadwick, '41

THE VALUE OF INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

Interscholastic sports play a very important role in high school life. The players go out on a field to win for themselves and for their school. They play out in the fresh air and sunshine. They go through routine every day, keeping them at the very peak of physical perfection. When the players are defeated they take it only one way: the other team was better. So every player congratulates his opponents though he may be burning up inside with vexation. This is true sportsmanship. The players also study a lot harder as a result of eligibility for the team. In order to play on teams the player must obtain a certain number of credits before he is eligible. Thus he must study hard.

Interscholastic sports are also a great aid to the people who watch

them. The student body feels a rivalry with the other school, yet this is a friendly rivalry. When the home team loses they are also subject to vexation but they hide it and cheer lustily. These sports help to bring together or unify the student body.

John Casale, '40

WHY TOLERATE LOAFERS?

The loafer in high school is a menace to the morale and character of the whole school. The high school is the only form of advanced education which some parents are able to give their children, and it should be taken in a serious and purposeful attitude. Many a high school student has found work after school through the recommendation of the principal and teachers, and he should do everything possible to gain the respect and confidence of this staff.

A large per cent of the taxpayers' money goes for education. Whether we are millionaires' sons or those on public welfare, we all have the same opportunity for a high school education. To throw it away or waste time is neither more nor less than taking the taxpayers' money unfairly.

The influence over other students of a so-called loafer can be of a very serious type. "Satan finds evil still for idle hands to do." If not busy at studies, the loafer will turn his activities elsewhere, and cannot help but draw in with him several perhaps weaker characters to keep him company. Some drastic move should be made against these. If in two years he has not completed the work of one year and a half, he should be dropped from the school. In this time he has had long enough to have several chances to improve his standing and turn over a new leaf, or find some other course to interest him. Further use of the taxpayers' money or the teachers' time is therefore unfair to all concerned. It is unfair to the student in question as it gives him the idea that he can accept the opportunities of our country without giving something in return. It is unfair to the fellow student, as it keeps him from close application to Studies. It is unfair to a teacher as one distracting element cannot help but keep him from giving his best to the rest.

So I believe that if in one year and a half, a loafer has not become adjusted, and has not had the ambition to complete two years' work, he should be dropped from high school and moved elsewhere.

Marcia Barker, '40

PROPAGANDA

Propaganda is any doctrine or statement which influences us in any way. We usually think of it as bad, but it may be good propaganda also. Did you ever stop to think that when you go to the movies and hear the national anthem played, you are listening to propaganda? Of course it is a good thing because it makes us feel patriotic toward our country. But—it *is* propaganda! It has an influence on us.

An example of bad propaganda is false advertisement of products. Did you ever hear of a certain product that would cure colds, headaches, rheumatism, fevers, chills, etc? I have, and there are many of these products. How could one product do so many things? Most of them connot, but by clever advertising we are fooled, and buy.

Then there is the automobile stretching across two sheets of a magazine. It is absolutely the best on the market. If you were to look at all the other automobile advertisements you would find them all the best on the market. How can they all be?

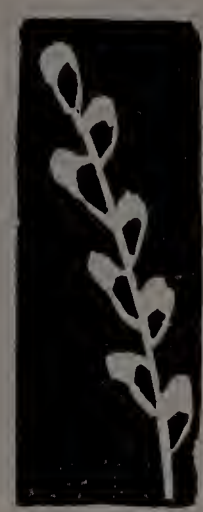
Eleanor Valpey, '40

LITERARY

SIGN OF SPRING

Probably you have never stopped to think of all the signs of spring there really are outside of the first robin and the melting snow. Many people have never noticed the sound of a brook trickling through the porous snow with renewed energy after the long isolation. As the days grow warmer you will find that giant snow piles which made you look like a midget last winter, begin to diminish as though on a hard diet. From underneath the thin skin of snow one or two brave spikes of grass peek through as a herald for the others soon to come. Each day, if you notice, they grow taller and taller until finally they can view the awakening landscape without fear of that well-known criminal, Jack Frost. A walk through the budding woods would reveal to you the tracks of hibernating animals once more forging forth along with the spring. Here and there a mangy-looking squirrel is in quest of a new spring diet. A very lean looking, really underfed raccoon pokes his long nose, like a black, shiny button, out of an old, dead tree. In a withered, crisp, brown leaf, curled up so that only its very outside felt the sting of winter snow and wind, you might find a cocoon about to hatch, in perhaps warmer days, into a soft, velvety animal that leisurely propels itself from flower to blossom on some brightly colored, iridescent wings, as evenly marked as a mosaic design. When the last grey ice melts from the ponds and the days grow longer, an after-dinner stroll would bring to your ears the very shrill but pleasant sound of the peepers, invisible in the spine-chilling water except for their minute noses which might also be pieces of pond weed.

Sylvia Harris, '41



GLAMOUR GIRL

She arrived on March 21, and she is so lovely. Of course, she is a little cool towards us now, but she's a newcomer, remember, and after she has been here a little while, she'll smile on us as the sun shines. We're so glad she's come again. Our last visitor never relented his harsh attitude towards us during all his stay, but we did have some good sports occasionally because of His Frostiness.

After she has done her work of waking up the world, both plants and animals (Do you remember the young man's fancy?), she'll leave us again so that her successor may come in, a successor who'll greet us with more warmth and stay until the world is in fever heat but whom we'll love little more. So make way for Her Majesty Queen Spring, most beautiful glamour girl of this and every other year.

Phyllis Terret, '42

REMEMBER ME!

I sat there by the fountain; the sparkling water was dancing over the sober rocks. The grass was turning green and the birds were saluting the sky with a heavenly anthem. At last—it was spring. As I sat half lounged on the sweet, clean grass, I looked up and saw you standing there, almost beside me, yet not too close. Your little body seemed to

vibrate with the happiness that filled your big heart. Your twinkling eyes contradicted the firm way you held your mouth. I softly asked you to come over and play with me, but you just planted your little feet more firmly on the ground, and wouldn't answer me. Remember how we kept that up for so long? I was afraid to go to you for, although you would deny it, you would have hurried away. Then one of your little friends came romping over to you to take you away from me—and I had had you for such a little while. And out of this poignant reverie, you come once again, but only to reassure me with your familiar back!

Madeline Cashman, '41

GEORGE JORDAN—JITTERBUG

George Jordan stirred uncomfortably as the insistent peal of the alarm clock under his pillow woke him for the third time. Some moments more elapsed while George methodically racked his brain trying to remember the day and the reason for the loud noise under his ear. The dawn finally came. George reached under his pillow, quieted Mr. Big Ben, and leaped out of bed. Ten minutes to get washed, dressed, eat breakfast and gather up his books. It was a lucky day when his parents had foresight enough to move across the park from the school.

Everything went smoothly in the allotted time. He made his way across the park to the school where one of his pals was holding the door open for him. Noticing his friend staring quizzically at him he inquired, "To what do I owe this rare salutation? Does my appearance not suit occasions or do I look as if I hadn't washed behind my ears?"

"If you really would like to know," answered his friend sarcastically, "that green tie with a bright blue suit does make me feel rather sick."

"Aw, what's the diff?" replied George. "The girls never take any notice of me, and anyway, Doctor Simms says that three-fourths of all the boys are color-blind."

Yes, that was true. "George Jordan, a Junior at the Rockville High School" were the words by which he was described by everyone. Why couldn't he be like "Bluffer" Brown whose nickname showed too plainly his true character but, who, nevertheless, was captain of the Rockville High football team and the idol of all the fair damsels of that worthy institute. Why, instead of just being short, stubby-nosed, and stuttery, couldn't he slay the ladies with flowery speeches like Ronald Richwood, another Rockville favorite?

The piercing shrill of the school bell finally announced the end of the dreary school day. George, having gathered up the books needed for home study, commenced to walk down the school corridor, homeward bound. Soon he was aware that there was excitement afoot. Boys were scurrying to and fro nearly stumbling over one another in their haste. Being exceedingly curious, George ventured to ask of one of the boys, "Where in the world is everyone going in such a hurry? Don't tell me that the building is on fire or some other similar calamity?"

"Oh gosh, no," called back the boy, "there's no such miracle as that. We're just going down to the gym to try out for basketball. Like to come along, Shorty?" he added mockingly.

A feeling of rage and anger rose within George. Groping his way through the crowd, he made his way to the locker rooms where he donned a basketball suit and a pair of sneakers. Not knowing how nor why he

managed to do it, George soon found himself in the gymnasium shooting the ball towards the basket. Sometimes it would land in the basket, but most of the time it stayed on the outside.

A week or two had elapsed since the try-outs for basketball began. George waited impatiently and excitedly for the names of the boys who were to play on the team to be posted on the bulletin board. Finally that day arrived and the whole school was aroused with curiosity. At the conclusion of school George hastened down the corridor to see if he was chosen. Upon reaching the bulletin board, he noticed that several other boys had the same idea as he. After shoving and pushing for about fifteen minutes he managed to get a glimpse of the names. Quickly his eyes scanned the sheet. His heart sank. His name did not appear on the list that was to play on the regular team, nor on the list of substitutes. Slowly he turned his eyes from the list and began to push his way between the crowd of jeering boys.

By this time George was really beginning to believe himself inferior. His black mood continued through his meager supper. At an early hour he found his bed a welcome haven from all things frivolous and gay. But this place of refuge afforded him little comfort and relief. He tossed and turned and in his imagination his troubles became magnified. Finally he did manage to drop off to sleep and like Abou Ben Adem he, too, had a deep dream which afforded him much peace. He saw himself skipping and hopping up the rungs of a ladder. At the top a golden gateway stood invitingly open. The word "Success" stood out above the arch. George was carrying something in his hand. Why, it was a bug of some kind! In a few moments he had reached the top and instead of being rejected or refused admission, George was being welcomed into the city of Success. Just then a curious thing happened. One of the city fathers saw that George was carrying the insect. After a hurried consultation, he returned carrying a huge gold key. Amid loud clapping and cheering and ringing of bells George was presented with the key to the city of Success.

At this point a loud ring awakened George. Instead of city bells chiming, the sound came from his old faithful alarm clock. Saturday morning. No school! George was just about to close his eyes again when he faintly remembered his adventurous dream. "This is going to be my busy day," he thought to himself. Quickly he got out of bed and humming gaily he got dressed.

After completing his usual Saturday morning chores, he went into the house and asked of his mother, "Where are all of our latest magazines? I can't find them anywhere."

"Why, George!" exclaimed his mother, "this is the first time that you ever wanted to read those magazines. I didn't think you'd be using them, so I put them in the attic in your aunt's old trunk."

George raced out of the kitchen and up the attic stairs. After rummaging through two old trunks, not knowing whether they were his aunt's or his grandmother's, he finally came upon the one that contained a huge stack of magazines. There, lying on the very top were the latest ones that George was hunting for. He gathered them up under his arm and went once again downstairs, leaving the attic in a very unfit looking condition. Planking himself in a most comfortable position on the floor he slowly turned the pages of each magazine, glancing quickly, but surely over each item.

He sat for about an hour looking through these books and since he had found nothing satisfactory he began to lose confidence in himself and all hopes of success. Just as he was about to give up the whole idea, which began to seem fantastic, he came upon the article for which he had been looking. Swiftly he read it and after assuring himself that this was what he was hunting for, he jumped up and, caring nothing about the vase of flowers which he upset, he ran up the stairs two at a time, to his room. He ransacked his untidy desk for a sheet of writing paper and when he finally secured it he sat down and wrote his name and address on it. He slipped this into an envelope together with the article from the magazine and mailed it at the post office.

Several days had gone by since this eventful day. These days were filled with excitement and expectancy for him. Every afternoon after school was dismissed, George would race home and ask his mother if any mail had come for him. The answer was usually negative, and soon George began to feel that all his efforts were wasted. But finally that day which was to change George's youthful life did arrive. On this particular day, upon his arrival home from school, George did not ask his mother if the mail had come. He walked sulkily in the back door and began to search for an "after school snack" when his mother said, "A letter or something of the sort came for you in the mail today. It is on your desk in your room."

George was so surprised and astonished at this that he merely stood aghast and gaped wide-mouthed at his mother. Soon, when he was sure he had heard correctly, he ran from the room with a glass of milk in one hand and a milk bottle in the other. When he reached his room, sure enough, there on his desk lay his long awaited mail. He tore open the envelope and drew out a medium-sized pamphlet. The words "LEARN TO JITTERBUG IN TEN EASY LESSONS" struck George in the face.

The following days were very busy ones for George. He was a changed boy. He went to school humming happily to himself and came home in the same manner. His schoolmates, and even his parents, were beginning to be curious and wonder about him. When his friends would ask him to go anywhere, such as the movies, he would always refuse or make up some poor excuse. The only thing he would do was go home and hide himself in the attic until supper time. The length of time, from when he got home from school until his supper was ready, was by no means a few quiet hours for Mrs. Jordan, who was trying to read downstairs. Thump! Thump! Bang! Crash! These noises were continuously sounding from the attic. The only answer Mrs. Jordan would get when she inquired of George about all the rumpus was, "Oh, I'm just practicing, Mom." His mother had to be satisfied with this answer.

Four weeks went quickly by. An annual party, given by the Rockville High School, was to be held in one week. George was thoroughly overjoyed. His parents, however, upon hearing him speak so enthusiastically about this event, were very much puzzled. George had never before gone to a school dance, play, or anything of that sort. When everyone at school heard that George Jordan was going to the dance they were awe stricken.

George's mental attitude was not the only thing which had undergone a renovation during the past weeks. After a long search, he had succeeded

in resurrecting his last summer's dirty-white saddle shoes. These he insisted on wearing in spite of the tearful protests of his mother. As if this wasn't enough, poor bewildered Mrs. Jordan had to traverse the city looking for the brightest red, yellow, and green socks that were on the market. To her surprise they were being sold!

Each day George would strut forth to school, his dazzling hose shown off to good advantage in the six or eight inches between the cuff of his rolled-up pants and his banana-colored shoes. Of course, George's new socks called for a new tie in the same hue. When George announced his intentions of getting a hair cut the afternoon of the dance, George's mother smiled proudly. "At last he's taking some pride in his looks. His queer taste in clothes must be only a passing fancy. He'll probably dress in his blue serge tonight," she prophesied calmly.

A few hours later Mrs. Jordan, who was watching for her husband to come home for supper, noticed a boy about George's build swaggering up the front walk. "Wonder who that can be," she mused. "I'd swear it was George except that he has such a lovely head of curls—just like his father when he was young." Before this kind woman could finish musing, her front door burst open and her son George stood before her. "Oh, George," was all the utterance Mrs. Jordan could muster, so great was her surprise. Instead of the thick thatch of hair—so like the elder Jordan's, a stiff stubble about half an inch long graced George's crowning glory. In spite of the secret grins his father unsuccessfully tried to hide all through dinner, George felt justly proud of his distinguished coiffure. This marked him as a full-fledged jitterbug.

The family may have been amused at all George's goings-on, but Rockville students found nothing funny in it. Each girl in school began to imagine that she was the sole occupant of George's heart. Never before were budgets stretched to include so many new outfits. Never before were the dancing teachers besieged with requests to teach girls how to dance. Never before had the waltz suffered such a relapse. Never before was "Gegi" Jordan kept so busy pleasing such a large feminine following.

On the night of the dance he stomped and stomped, jumped and jittered, usually with Joanne Jackson, the prettiest girl there. Oh, how "Bluffer" Brown and Ronald Richwood envied him. Neither speeches nor burly physiques could help them now. George Jordan had come into his own.

Frances Lefebvre, '41

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE DENTIST

"Remember I told you yesterday that I was going to take you to the dentist today. Are you almost ready to go?" questioned my mother.

"Oh! I don't see what I have to go today for," I pouted.

"Well, I see a perfectly good reason. I want him to look your teeth over. He won't hurt you, if that's why you don't want to go. He's really very nice."

"Helen asked me to go over to her house this afternoon. I really don't feel like going anyway, mother."

"Well, it's too late to change your mind. I've already made the appointment, so you'll have to come now. Now go get your hat and coat."

Well, you can well imagine I didn't like that very well, but I reluctantly went and put my hat and coat on and got into the car. Finally we were on our way, much to my dis-

may. Slowly my anger had turned to fright and by the time we had reached the dentist's my knees were knocking. "Oh, mother," I wailed, "I don't want to go in there!"

"Now, don't be foolish. Of course you're going in there," said my mother.

We started wending our way up those three flights of stairs. I could only seem to think of sharp knives and a very distasteful smell. Finally we were in the office and my mother turned to me and said, "You sit there while I go in and speak to the dentist."

"All right," I answered, not caring whether I stood or sat. As I was sitting there I could smell the gas. Around and around in my head swam the thoughts of the drill. I had sat there thinking of the ordeal so long that when the dentist finally opened the door to tell me to come in, instead of going in I jumped up and ran just as fast as I could out of the office, down the stairs and out on to the sidewalk. When I finally reached the car I found much to my dismay that it was locked.

"Barbara, I'm ashamed of you," I heard my mother sputtering as she came hurrying up.

"I'm not," I replied.

"Don't be so impudent," sharply replied my mother. By this time she had become very angry at me for all the inconvenience I had caused. She took me firmly by the arm and marched me up those three flights of stairs, straight into the office and right up into the dentist's chair. Everything had happened so fast that I just sat there with a stupid expression on my face, but the dentist went right to work.

"There now, that didn't hurt," he said, when it was all over. "Did it?" he said as an afterthought.

"No," I said, hesitatingly, not quite ready to give in to the idea that it hadn't hurt at all.

Barbara Burgson, '43

THE SCHOOL CLOCK

Here I hang way up high ticking away the time night and day. I always do my duty and try to keep correct time.

One day, I remember, I failed, for the janitor forgot to wind me up and I grew very hungry. Since no human can work with an empty stomach, neither can I.

One time, there was to be some recitation work done in class. As usual a few pupils came unprepared. There was one pupil in particular who kept looking at me with glaring eyes. They were so terrifying they made me shiver. I have to stand many of these gazing looks and if I weren't so strongly built I would have been dead long ago. Some pupils appreciate me only when the period is up or when the teacher hasn't called on them. I receive a smile when these things happen. There is one thing that I am thankful for and it is that I am placed high up on the wall.

Henrietta Holz, '42

SKIING

The skier paused for a breath of clear, cold air at the top of his exhausting climb up a sharp pitch of a thousand feet. Looking down into the beautiful valley, covered with crystal white snow, he could see tiny moving dots that were people. The great ball of fire, high in the pale blue sky, reflected from the bright white crystals, blinding him momentarily with its sparkling glare like that of a diamond. The beauty of it was indescribable as he stood there waiting to start his breath-taking plunge down the thousand foot pitch to the valley below.

Now he was ready. Standing at the edge of the drop, he drew a deep breath of the biting air and started. Down, down, and down he sped, fifty, sixty, and at the amazing speed of seventy miles per hour, his skis barely touching the snow. The growling and whining of the wind as on a stormy night rushed by him. Now executing a perfect turn around a gigantic boulder in his way, he shot out onto the gleaming, snow-covered valley with the force of a steam engine. The momentum carried him forward for hundreds of yards before he came to an abrupt stop. Turning, he looked up the glittering slope from whence he had come.

Daniel Valpey, '41

RESCUED

It was a cool summer day as Baby Bob played close by his mother on the glittering sand, occasionally taking a look at the quivering water.

But within a few moments Baby had wandered away and was down by the water of the roaring sea. If he had only been old enough to realize his danger he probably wouldn't have taken this chance. As he started kicking his toes through the tickling water a monstrous blue wave came sailing up to him, knocking him down and attempting to carry him away. Being too young to cry for help, Baby Bob was helpless. Then to his great amazement Sheffie, a lovable collie dog, sprang to Baby Bob's rescue. Puffing and panting he grabbed hold of Baby Bob's rompers and dragged him to safety.

That afternoon Sheffie lay on the beach in contentment, chewing the fleshy bone which was his reward.

Eileen Driscoll, '43

CONEY ISLAND

I went to Coney Island. We went up a broiling hot street, under a bridge and came out on the beach. I gasped. Never in all my life had I seen so many people. It was a seething mass of humanity. Fat old women, hen-pecked men, pretty, heavily rouged and lip-sticked young girls, gawky young men, racing children, shrill whistles, raucous shouts, giggles; all types of noise with the ocean beating an accompaniment. Peddlers were shouting their wares, giggling girls were flirting with smirking young men. All was noise and confusion. Women screamed at their friends, men swore loudly and violently when someone stepped on their stomachs. Shouting children ran about kicking up the sand and stepping on people. The children who had pails would fill them up with water, considering it a great joke to dump the pail of water on somebody's basket. Men sprawled on the sand with their hats over their eyes and half smoked, much chewed cigars sticking out of their mouths. Women tied frayed bandannas over their uncombed hair, never ceasing for a moment their constant chatter. Babies cried, rubbing their eyes with their tiny fists, their bodies red with heat and sunburn. Coney Island is an experience you shouldn't miss, but it also is an experience you should never repeat.

Barbara Bannan, '42

THE SPELL OF HOLLAND

We have been traveling in many foreign countries. The next four weeks are to be spent adventuring in Holland. At the present time we are on our way to Amsterdam where there will be many interesting sights to see, but right now we are more concerned with the scenery.

At the first glance from the windows of our railway carriage, the flat green fields where black and white cows graze, the straight ditches at almost regular intervals, the low white farmhouses with their stiff clumps of trees, promise nothing but ceaseless monotony. Then a fairy sprite seems to touch our eyes with a magic ointment and the spell of Holland is revealed to us, the greatest glory of Dutch scenery, the enchantment of sky and water.

We look first at the sky where stately clouds are sailing, sometimes hanging low in banks of inky black or deep violet, scattering in fantastic shapes, before the stormy wind, sometimes drifting together in feathery masses, as light and iridescent as soap bubbles. In the west a gigantic ball of fire dips slowly down to sleep in the silvery sea.

Then the spell of the Dutch waterways is upon us. These canals run through the whole land, fringed by reeds and haunted by birds, linking the provinces in a network of shimmering strands. The waters reflect the quaint pavilions and noble trees of the country places, ripple against barges laden with shining milk cans, or mirror the ancient houses half hidden by the interlacing branches of the lime trees standing along the quay of some busy town.

Our carriage reaches Amsterdam and our thoughts turn to the exciting times ahead of us, yet we know we shall never forget our first impression of Holland.

Elaine Farnham, '41

WAISTCOATED BIRDS: THE PENGUINS

Loudly through an Antarctic blizzard sounds a hoarse braying cry: the call of the penguin. This donkey of the South Pole is a courteous, friendly sea bird like his relatives which live in vast rookeries below the Antarctic circle. Explorers who have visited the almost inaccessible habitats of the Antarctic penguins report that the birds waddle-walk fearlessly toward man, and make an astonishing bowing motion. All penguins except the blue species have glossy white scale-like feathers, and blackish-gray backs.

Like the extinct great auk, the penguins have no flight feathers and cannot fly. They are strong, clever swimmers and "row" themselves over the water with their paddle-like flippers. On land they sometimes crawl in four-legged fashion on their wings and webbed feet, but usually they stand upright and shuffle along. By diving and leaping they catch the only thing they eat, fish. Penguins in zoos must be fed by hand. They are given fish which they swallow whole.

The largest species, the emperor, is more than three feet high and weighs up to eighty pounds. Its habitat is the coldest part of Antarctica and it cannot live in warm climates. The emperors the Byrd expedition brought from Little America died in temperate zone zoos. King penguins are only slightly smaller than the emperors.

Linwood S. Clay, '42

THE ESKIMO DOG

Erect ears, keen-eyed expression, massive build, and glorious coats of live fur—these possessions make the famous Eskimo dog of the north country one of the most beautiful, as well as the most useful, breeds. The Eskimo dog is the animal that draws heavy loads over long trails, that hunts and faces the king of the North, the polar bear, the dog that can "wind" a herd of musk oxen several miles away.

The Eskimo dog is a native of the Arctic, originating in eastern Siberia.

He has lived with man for two thousand years of known history, and is the undisputed leader of the northern dog breeds. Eskimo dogs are many colors, but the dominant combinations are white bodies with coal-black heads, and all-white bodies with double spinal markings of greyish-silver. If this dog is related to the wolf, the association is extremely distant. Like other Arcticland dogs, the Alaskan alamate, Siberian husky, and the Samoyede, the Eskimo dog is free of any "doggy" odor. The Eskimo dog's most complete development is in its feet, which are perfect for the trail needs of this hard-working animal. The feet are long, large, and flat, with thick pads studded by stout nails and luxurious hair cushions between the toes. The thud of these tireless feet is the conventional music of the North.

Carleton Clay, '42

PONY EXPRESS

The pony express was inaugurated April, 1860—eighty years ago. From the Mississippi River to the calm waters of the Pacific Ocean, a distance of approximately two thousand miles, the flying hoofs of the Pony Express carried the mail overland in relays. Its eight-day schedule was a veritable miracle of speed. There were one hundred and ninety stations, which were twenty to twenty-five miles apart. The average speed was nine miles an hour; a driver was allowed two minutes at each station, for changing saddles. Letters were written on tissue paper. The five dollar postage was later reduced to one dollar. Such colorful men as Major Eagan and his son Ras, and the one and only "Buffalo Bill" Cody contributed to the glamorous tales of the pioneer West as they blazed a trail in spite of blinding snowstorms, and marauding Indians. For many times these daredevil riders dodged the whizzing arrows of unfriendly Indians. This costly experiment was short-lived; progress marched on, and another page contributed by America's bravest men was closed. The tradition of "Buffalo Bill" and his hoof-beaten trait always recalls to a youngster the wild and woolly West of eighty years ago.

Constance Fitzgerald, '42

DOG SAVES BOY'S LIFE

"It's swell skating on Moose Lake, Mom," a young boy of eight was yelling to his mother from upstairs in the Wright home, "'cause Jimmy Blaine was telling all us fellas at school, and we're all planning to go after school. Can—I mean, may I go too?"

"Now you know I always like you to have a good time and all the fun possible, but your father said it was dangerous in—"

Not giving his mother time to finish he said very quickly, "But we'll stay away from the dangerous places, honest we will."

"All right then, but remember what you said!"

In a flash Tommy was seen running down the street to meet the other fellows. But alas! Look who was behind him. A little, brown cocker spaniel.

"Rags, Rags, go home, go on now, go on." Poor little Rags was seen as he went sulking back with his ears almost flopping on the ground.

Anyway, Tommy didn't have the least thought of Rags as he went tagging along with the rest of the boys.

"I'm going down the other end, kids. It's slick down there."

"Ya, but it's dangerous down there," the boys replied.

Crash! Tommy was seen strug-

gling in the water.

"Help! Help!" Tommy was yelling at the top of his voice, but the boys could not hear him. Look who was coming. Two ears and two pairs of fast running legs. It was Rags, dear old Rags.

When Tommy was safe at home in bed he said to Rags, "We'll go skatin' all the time, won't we, fella? Nice old Rags."

Jean Smith, '43

MY BOY FRIEND

He greets me in the morning
As we start another day.
I yield to his caresses,
And to his charming way.
With tenderness proverbial
For one adoring hour,
Together by the window
We watch the church's tower.

Then studies, classes, call me,
The reverie is o'er.
We part with loving tenderness,
Inside my own front door.
His look of disappointment,
As he walked along the path,
Upsets me during English
And bothers me in Math.

Slow pass the lonesome moments
In French and Latin classes.
Forever looking forward
As each moment slowly passes
I know that he is waiting
At home for my return,
As he sits alone and watches
The fireplace logs that burn.

At half-past two he greets me,
When coming home from school,
For we will lunch together
As is our daily rule.
Our conversation turneth
To a bit of this and that.
You'll never know how loving
Is Thomas R., my cat.

Una Richard, '42

THE END OF THE DAY

Every sunny evening
When the sun is sinking low,
I sit upon my hilltop
And watch the daylight go.
I love to see the sun sink
Into a sea of gold.
I love to see each shadow
Its purple robe unfold.
I love to think that babies
Are lying down to rest.
I love to watch the father birds
Returning to their nest.
I love to see the workman
Wending his homeward way,
For all these dear things happen
At the ending of the day.

Elinor F. Cole, '40

COULD IT BE MY FAULT?

If the strings are O. K.
And no cracks in the wood;
If the court is well paved
And the net's as it should;
If the ball s are brand new
And the best I could get,
Then please tell me—do,
Why I lost that last set.

Eleanor Valpey, '40

FIRST ROBIN

This morning I heard a robin sing;
It came so sweet and clear;
Just a little happy creature,
Proclaiming spring is here.

In an old sleepy elm tree,
I noticed his dull-red breast,
Among the budding branches,
Where he returned to nest.

I listened to his happy tune,
While walking down the lane;
I knew that spring was here,
For I could hear it plain.

Veronica Mandry, '42

RECORD

THE MAD HATTERS

The play is about the Hatter family and what a family! Joe, the father, is crazy about fishing; Margaret, the mother, is crazy about dramatics; Gigi, the daughter, is crazy about athletics; and Bunny, the son, is crazy about photography. Grandma Hatter plays a very interesting part. She always has supported the family and in the play we see what happens when she decides she will no longer do this.

The Cast as they appear:

Gigi Hatter	Constance Kruchwitz
Angelica	Barbara Colebrooke
Bunny Hatter	James Flanagan
Joe Hatter	Robert Hall
Margaret Hatter	Dorothy Dainowski
Grandma Hatter	Helen Lang
Diana Hatter	Bernice Brierly
Nancy Hayward	Elaine Kelly
Mugzie Mullen	Robert Cunningham
Henry Harrison	George Porteck
Elizabeth Harrison	Evelyn Lee
Clara Sheldon	Grace Driscoll

SOILLESS GARDENING

Whenever we think of plants or flowers our thoughts naturally turn to soil, sunlight, and water which make our vegetation grow. But for the last few weeks the members of the 3-2 Chemistry Class have been experimenting with a new type of gardening. A few weeks ago Miss Clara Chapman visited the Boston Flower Show and saw them growing beautiful flowers without the aid of soil of any kind. After telling her pupils about this extraordinary agricultural feat she suggested that some of them try their skill at this unique form of gardening. So through the efforts of Calzetta and a few more interested pupils a garden was set up. First an old fish tank was patched up until it was completely water tight. This was filled two-thirds full of a solution containing phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash. A wire rack was placed in the tank so the bottom of the rack remained a few inches above the top of the water. A blotter was placed in the bottom of the rack and wicks of gauze were extended from this blotter to soak up the water solution. Seeds were placed on the blotter and about four inches of excelsior was placed on top. Each morning some of the boys energetically pump air into this strange contraption to supply the seeds with sufficient oxygen. We have planted nasturtiums in our garden so maybe it will be the style at Johnson to wear soilless flowers to the graduation exercises. The seeds thus far are swollen to about twice their original size and show encouraging signs of sprouting roots. So, if you chance to see anyone gazing into a large tank filled with water and covered with excelsior, don't be alarmed because it will probably be one of the members of the 3-2 chemistry class doing their daily gardening.

Robert Wainwright, '41

CLUB NOTES

The Chemistry Club has been visiting local places of interest. The members visited the Tyer Rubber Company and plan to visit the Telephone Company and the Gas Company, where they intend if possible to take pictures. This year, as in the past, this club will offer a prize for achievement in chemistry.

Unfortunately, the Dramatic Club has run into some difficulties this term. First, a play and dance was planned. After a week it was necessary to make a change in the cast. Rehearsals continued until a week before the event. Again it was necessary to change the cast and postpone the play. Everything progressed in fine order except for one more change in the cast. The week before the performance had arrived when the leading man was badly shaken up because of an automobile accident. The play was consequently postponed indefinitely, but the dance was held.

The Glee Club is planning a minstrel show in yhich all members of the club will take part, either in the chorus or in the cast.

The Chefs' Club is certainly living up to its name. We understand that our high school chefs have developed an ability to make apple tarts, scalloped hamburg, and doughnuts. We also think that they should ask us to attend some of their meetings.

The Hobby Club is interested in a great many things. Mr. Pitkin gave a talk on his hobbies, card-playing and geneology. Mr. Paul Hurd talked to them about nature as a hobby. Jean Swanston spoke about her hobby of photography also. Another meeting was devoted to a discussion of the general hobbies of the club members. This term Anna Evangelos took over her office of treasurer, succeeding Ruth Diamont.

The Debating Club is holding, at its meetings, intra-club debates. The main purpose of these is finding new talent for next year, when there will be a longer series of debates. The club members are planning a dance to raise funds for debating material.

The Sub-Deb Club has been quite busy planning a weinie roast.

The Stamp Club has been holding contests among the members of the club. The winner receives a sum of money, with which he buys stamps. They have also had a speaker tell them about stamps. This club is new this year and it seems to be progressing very well.

BASEBALL

The annual Lowell Suburban Basketball League banquet was held recently at Dracut. The boys' and girls' teams of Johnson High School were invited to attend.

The call for baseball candidates was made March 25, for the catcher and pitcher positions. The team will be captained by Arthur Greenwood, third sacker of the baseball nine. There are five veterans available for the team, namely: Philip Miller, pitcher; Ernest Summers, outfielder, who may be on the pitching staff this year; Robert Sullivan, outfielder, who may fill the vacancy behind the bat; William Lafond, first base, and Arthur Greenwood, third base.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR PARTY

The Freshman return party featured a pantomime entitled, "Camel and the Vampire" followed by dancing to recorded music. The committee included Leo Lafond, James Allen, Betty Krusel, Virginia Aponovich, Alice Bamford, John McAvoy, John Greenwood, Jack Farrell, Paul Lafond, Earl Tracy, and Alfred Boeglin. Miss Pierce was the faculty member.

ASSEMBLIES

Our first musical assembly was provided by the W.P.A. Symphony orchestra. It contained fifty pieces and is sponsored by the State Board of Education. The leader told us about the string section. The concert was very interesting.

The W. P. A. Band entertained students at J. H. S. at an assembly on Thursday, March 7. The music was very inspiring and the conductor acquainted us with the woodwind instruments. We sang "South of The Border" and "God Bless America." Incidentally, we'd all like to hear this band again.

Wednesday, April 3, a motion picture was shown at Assembly. The picture was "Touching All Bases." A large portion of the student body attended. The Kellogg Company sponsored it.

ALUMNI NOTES

George Casserly '36 Boston College.

Oscar Richard '37 Tufts College.

Isabell Phelan '37 Tufts College.

Thomas Ceplikas '35 Tufts Medical School.

Anthony Kapeka '36 Bently's Business School. (He is now a head teller at Community Savings Bank.)

Joseph Kattar '37 Boston School of Pharmacy.

EXCHANGES

Meteor: Recasting the latest movies with people from your own high school is excellent.

Punch Harder: Swell issue; your humor section is tops.

Lawrencian: We were especially interested in the results you received in your search for favorite movie stars, authors and sports.

Holten: Your literary section is perfectly complete. How about a page or two of Humor?

Skool Nooz: Your literary section is perfect. Where in the world did you get so many excellent poets?

EQUIVALENTS

"In An Old Dutch Garden" — Chemistry 3-2

"Do I Love You" — Vacation

"All The Things You Are" — Kitty Wainwright

"Blue World" — June 28

"Over The Rainbow" — Sammy Bardsley

"It's a Hap Hap Happy Day" — Saturday

"Chatterbox" — Ruth Diamont

"When You Wish Upon a Star" — Before a Test

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

"Corking," said the bottle.
"Rotten," said the apple.
"Punk," said the fire-cracker.
"Fine," said the judge.
"First class," said the postmaster.
"Grand," said the piano.
"Keen," said the knife.
"Ripping," said the basting thread.
"Juicy," said the orange.
"All done up," said the shirt.—
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